(31)

THE STATE DUNCES.

INSCRIB'D TO

Mr. POPE.

I from my Soul ſincerely hate
Both —— and M——rs of State. SWIFT.

PART II. Being the laſt.

LONDON,
Printed for J. DICKENSON in *Witch-Street*, 1733.

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ONCE more, O *Pope!* I take the Pen in Hand,
To laſh the *guilty Great Ones* of the Land;
Satyr, I find, is laid aſide in vain,
Freſh *Dunces*, ſee, appear a num'rous Train;
Dunces to *Merit* who have no Pretence,
Sworn Friends to *Dulneſs*, and *ſworn* Foes to *Senſe*.
Nor need we doubt, whilſt *Appius* has the Sway,
But mighty *Dunces* will gain Ground each Day.
Staunch blundring Dunces of right *Spaniel Breed*,
Who'll ne'er *forſake* the Man by whom they're *fee'd*,
But plunge through *thick* and *thin* in Time of Need.

Amongſt

AMONGST this *gloomy* Crew, this *hireling* Band,
Well taught to *fetch* and *carry* at Command,
First virtuous *P—t* our Attention claims,
The *beſt* of *Husbands* to the worſt of *Dames*:
Poor Man! had but his *Plot ſucceſsful* prov'd,
How he'd been eas'd of one he never lov'd!
To his Misfortune that was not his Lot,
He was not born the Day before the *Plot*.

HOWEVER, 'twas *well* meant, th' Attempt was *brave*,
And ſhews him not to *Principles* a *Slave*.
Juſt ſuch *ſtaunch Servants* ſome *Great Men* deſire,
Who ne'er will *flinch*, whatever they require.

BUT not alone does *P—t* ſerve the Cauſe,
With him a num'rous ſervile Clan he draws,
All ready broke, and diſciplin'd to Hand,
To *ſpeak* or *vote* at *Appius'* Command;
Had he but gain'd a few more ſuch Supplies,
He had not mourn'd his *darling* loſt *Exciſe*.

THEN *C—l* next his *venal* Forces brings,
A *ſupple* Clan which from the *Highlands* ſprings;
All craving Wights, *true Friends* to *Appius'* Cauſe,
Whilſt he's in *Power*, and his *Purſe-Strings* draws;

But

But ſhould the *Giant* once be in *Diſgrace*,
The *fawning Slaves* would *turn*, and *curſe him* to his Face.

Nor are theſe *all* of *Caledonian* Breed,
By *Giant* Appius *maintain'd* and *fee'd*;
Numbers behind, of the ſame *truckling* Race,
Numbers, to human Nature a Diſgrace,
Demand in our *Dunce-Catalogue* a Place.
A——rs, *M——os*, *H——ns*, and *G——t*,
Gentry who think no *Sin* ſo great as *Want*.
Theſe truſty *S——ts* with Intereſt repay
The *Ills* from us they've ſuffer'd ſince that Day,
When their *brib'd Members* gave their *Liberties* away.

How does their Nation now that *Loſs* deplore,
Greater than e'er they ſuffer'd heretofore,
When the dire Terror of our *Edward*'s Arms,
Throughout their trembling Land ſpread wide Alarms!
Oh! let us, *grown* by their Example *wiſe*,
Be *warn'd* how we our *Freedom ſacrifice!*
That *Jewel*, *once loſt*, was never yet regain'd;
Let us not then by our own *Votes* be *chain'd*.

Ask *All*, the *French*, the *Swedes*, the *Danes*, if they,
Could they recover theirs, would give 't away.

But to the *Dunces* let's return again,
Since num'rous *Blunderers* unsung remain,
Who of Neglect shall have no Reason to complain.

Shall *C——sh*, new grac'd with *S——pe's* Spoils,
With *Appius* list, and I not sing his *Toils?*
Toils much more *glorious*, in our *peaceful Wars*,
Where there's no Danger, but of *Venus' Scars*,
Than those, where tempting *Death* from *hostile Hands*,
His great Forefather fought on *C——'s* Sands.
O! did he live in these our *happy Days*,
How would he launch forth in his *Kinsman's Praise!*

Nor will I *Timon's Heir* forget to sing,
Rewarded for his *Service* with a *String*.
Go on, *gay Knight*, by *Services so plac'd*,
In Time you'll equal your *good Sire* in *Taste*.

See gentle *B——n* next a Place demands,
Inlisted likewise in the *venal Bands*;
Little his *Dad*, the *honest Merchant*, thought,
He would to *vote* for an *Ex——se* be brought.

Lo!

Lo! in the next Place, an embroider'd *Knight*,
By a *Red Ribbon* made a *Proſelyte*;
Where *Reaſon* and *Religion* would have *fail'd*,
Strange Force of Fancy! a *Red String prevail'd*.
But *C——y* had almoſt eſcap'd Song,
Tho none more *zealous* in the *gloomy* Throng,
To *trample down* what's *Right*, and *vindicate* what's *Wrong*.
Perſiſt, *gay Stateſman*, in theſe *arduous Toils*,
So ſhalt thou have thy Share of *Patriots Spoils*.
Young *Noodle* next demands Pre-eminence,
Who, like his *Dad*, 's at open War with *Senſe*;
But then for Courage who'll with him compare,
When, with *two Noodles* more, he *cudgell'd* one poor *Player*.
Foremoſt among the *venerable Band*,
Of *ſolemn Dunces*, behold *B——* ſtand,
A *Saint* who never broke the *Seventh* Command.
What tho he's *covetous* of *worldly Pelf*?
His *Neighbour's Wife* he *loveth* as himſelf.
But being fearful of the Morning Air,
He leaves to *tatter'd Crape* the *Drudgery of Prayer*.

NOR let ſagacious *W*—— be forgot,
In florid Speech who ſeconded the *Plot*,
For which poor *Atterbury* went to Pot.
And well it was that *Prelate* was ſent hence,
Who was *faſt-leagu'd* with *Wits* and *Men of Senſe*,
Sworn Foes to *Appius* and his *blundring Tools*,
Under whoſe *Auſpices* this Iſle he rules.

FAIN would I, *H*——, ſpare thee the Diſgrace,
Of ſhewing with ſuch *Blunderers* thy Face,
But thy ENQUIRY *dooms* thee to the Place.
Next Time you write, let *Reaſon guide* your *Pen*,
Nor *proſtitute* your *Character* for *Gain*;
Yet have you not the *Prize* for which you waited,
Yo *hop'd*, like *Enoch*, to have been *tranſlated*.

IN the next Place comes *equitable* ——,
That *uncorrupted* and *Law-learned* Sage,
At once the *Shame* and *Glory* of the Age.
He ne'er, by arbitrary Stateſmen, *gain'd*,
The *Laws* t' oppreſs unhappy *Culprits ſtrain'd*;
Nor did the Cauſe of LIBERTY *betray*,
By *fining* Pris'ners *more* than they can pay,
Witneſs poor —— but the other Day.

AFTER

After him —— *juſtly* claims a Place,
Than whom none ever *more* the *Bench* did *grace*;
On *publick Feſtivals*, whilſt *Bonefires blaze*,
His *City Charge* ſhall be *remembred* to his Praiſe;
Babes yet unborn ſhall eccho out his Name,
Whene'er a *R——e*'s committed to the *Flame*.

But not to dwell on theſe *Great Men* too long,
Others of equal *Worth* demand our Song.
View yonder *Levee*, where ſuch Numbers wait,
Right *cringing Slaves*, *true Dunces* of the State;
Appius o'er *all* has *equal Influence*,
Some *Titles gain'd*, ſome *Places*, and ſome *Pence*.

'Mongst theſe *S——A——*'s comes his Court to pay,
Careleſs of *Fame*, ſo *Profit* leads the Way;
Not ſo his *Sire*, who all his Poſts reſign'd,
Rather than give *one Vote* againſt his Mind,
Or with *ſworn Foes* againſt his *Country* be combin'd.

Are my Eyes true, is *S——e* alſo ſtray'd;
Has he the Cauſe of *Liberty* betray'd!
My Sight deceives me ſure, it cannot be,
'Tis not in Nature poſſible, that he,

Whoſe *witty* Anceſtor, *Apollo*'s Care,
Proclaim'd againſt all *Dunces mortal War*,
And made for *Liberty* ſuch glorious Stands,
Should *liſt* with *Appius* in his *venal* Bands.

CONTENT to *bear* his *Yoke*, and *own* his *Sway*,
See *R——d* too, the *Blunderer*, obey;
And certainly he *judges* very *right*,
His *Yoke* is *eaſy*, and his *Burden light*;
I mean, to *Thoſe* who for him *vote* or *write*.

NEITHER does *M——rs*, or *d—G——y* diſdain,
To *crowd* his *Levee*, and enlarge his *Train*;
But ſure his —— will not always reign.
Tho now he, like an *over-bearing Flood*,
Sweeps down before all that's *Great* and *Good*.
'Tis not to *Brib'ry* or to *Cunning* giv'n,
To ward off *Juſtice*, when 'tis edg'd by *Heav'n*.
Full oft a *Meteor*, tho exhal'd to th' Skies,
Falls to the *Earth*, and *falling*, *ſtinks* and *dies*.

WHO next of *Fortune*'s *Fav'rites* claims a Place?
Dunces I ſing, a *ſervile gloomy* Race,
And ſee, in Shoals, how they advance apace.

P——,

P——, the Offspring of a *God-like Sire*,
Who never gave *one ſingle Vote* for *Hire*,
Older and *Wiſer* grown, thinks 't no Diſgrace
To *proſtitute* his *Conſcience* for a *Place*.

Nor ſhall enribbon'd *L*——*r* 'ſcape my Song,
Inliſted likewiſe in the *venal* Throng;
Had *Great* Sir *Philip* liv'd in this our Day,
He would not have inliſted thus for *Pay*.

T——*e* next appears, a *ſupple Wight*,
Deep-learned in *Intrigues* and *Deeds* of *Night*.
His Country's *Good*, had he but half ſo well
Study'd, in *Senates* how would he *excel?*

Fain would I ſpare the Youth, who, *nobly* born,
Accepts the *Spoils* from honeſt *C*——*n* torn;
His *Sire* to *Appius* bore *invet'rate Hate*,
And would have *cruſh'd* him, if not *ſnatch'd* by *Fate*:
How much more *Chriſtian* than the *Sire* the *Son*,
To *help*, *ſupport* the *Man* his Father *tumbled down!*

M——*d* next to be enroll'd requires,
Whom his Sire's excellent Example fires;
Go on, bright *P*——*r*, and tread in Paths the ſame,
So ſhalt thou with him merit *equal Fame*.

NOR ſhall the *P——r* eſcape, of Fame aſſur'd,
Whom *wav'ring* late a *Ribbon blue* ſecur'd;
Pleas'd with his *Leading-String*, he's chang'd in Note,
And will for *Appius* either *ſpeak* or *vote*.

L——n next appears to ſwell my Song,
I' th' mercenary Bands *inliſted* long;
Regardleſs he of popular *Applauſe*,
Still *drudges ſervile* on in *Appius* Cauſe.

NEXT *T——n* the *upright* comes in View,
Always to *Int'reſt* and to *Appius* true;
Happy the Nation where ſuch *Chiefs* preſide
In Council, and her *awful* Senate guide!

BUT ſee *C——s* in the *hireling* Train,
Inur'd to *vote*, as *Switzers* fight, for *Gain*.
Poor *Britain*! which ſuch *Troops* are forc'd to pay,
As *vote* thy *Liberties* each Hour away.

SEE *ſelf-admiring O——* next advance,
Skill'd in his Youth t' excel in Dreſs and Dance;
What now do thoſe Accompliſhments avail,
When caught in *Marriage-Trap* he hangs his *Tail!*
Juſtly has Heav'n ordain'd to ſcourge the *Fool*,
Who was a *Tool* of *Pow'r*, ſhould be a *Woman's Tool*.

SEE

See *H——t* next in League with *Appius* join'd,
Erſt his *ſworn Foe*, tho ſince he's chang'd in Mind;
Brought over by a *P——ge* and a *String*,
A *Ribbon* ſure 's a ſtrange *perſwaſive* Thing.
Him *M——n* follows cloſe, a *ſervile Hack*,
As *Pack-Horſe Pack-Horſe* follows in a Track;
To *Show* and *Title* both alike inclin'd,
'Gainſt *Truth* and *Reaſon* both alike combin'd;
Both by the ſelf-ſame Arguments were won,
With both a *P——ge* did what *Senſe* could ne'er have done.
L——l and *M——n* next to him ſucceed,
So from one *Fly-Blow* Scores of *Maggots* breed;
To *Appius'* Favour both have like Pretence,
Since neither ever *deviates* into *Senſe*,
Nor can one of the other claim Pre-eminence.
On *titled Dunces* I have dwelt full long,
Dunces of *meaner Rank* now claim my Song.
Tho not ſo *great* in *Rank*, not *leſs* in Fame,
Nor of leſs *Uſe* in playing *Appius'* Game;
All *right Court Cards*, and ready at Command,
For if his *Game* you rightly underſtand,
The *Knaves* are ſtill the *beſt Cards* in his Hand.

AMONGST theſe *E—s* demands the *foremoſt Place*,
E—s not dejected by his late *Diſgrace*;
Second in *Guilt* to none but *Appius*, as in *Braſs*.
Happy was it for him, the *other Day*,
That *Appius*, his *great Patron*, had the Sway;
And *bent* his *truſty Favourite* to *ſave*,
Exerted all his Pow'r to *skreen* the *Knave*;
Warded the Storm from off his *guilty Head*,
And let it burſt on others not ſo *bad*.

THUS the fam'd *Jonathan*, to *Thieves* well known,
Would daily *truſs* up *Villains* not his *own*;
Whilſt his *own Gang* effectually he *skreen'd*,
And with them good Intelligence maintain'd:
Go on, *my truſty Reprobates*, ſaid he,
Nor fear a *ſhameful End* at *Tyburn*-Tree;
Whilſt you are *brisk* and *ready* at a *Job*,
Securely under my *Protection* rob;
Nor doubt your *Safety*, or my *Influence*,
Whilſt *Bribery* prevails, and you bring in the *Pence*.

B—h the *venal* next let 's celebrate,
The *ſervile Tool* of ev'ry *Knave* of *S—te*;

With

With whom nor *Principle* nor *Honour* weigh,
When put in Competition with *C—rt-Pay.*

But *B—n* ſee, to *Wit* turn'd *Renegade,*
And, *join'd* with *Dunces,* has *Wit*'s Cauſe *betray'd;*
Well judg'd; who would not prefer *B—s* to *Bays?*
And a good *heavy Purſe* to empty *Praiſe.*

In the next Place, *P—s* and *B—r* view,
Brave Sons of *Mars!* to *Gold* and *Appius* true;
Who that theſe *Tars* no Conſcience uſe can ſay,
Since, as they cannot *fight,* they'll *vote* for *Pay?*

To *B—y* next let's turn our *wondring* Eyes,
Who, than his *honeſt Anceſtor* more wiſe,
And by a *P—ge* tempted, *votes* for an *Exciſe;*
Tho nothing the proud Title ſhould him coſt,
He'd find it *dearly* bought at *Honour loſt.*

O blaſting Sight, do I a *C—ll* ſee,
Combin'd againſt his Country's *Liberty?*
'Tis well *great M—o'* ſleeps now in his Grave,
Who *fought* ſo oft our *Liberties* to ſave;
How would he *bluſh* now were he to ariſe,
And ſee his *Kinſman vote* for an *Ex—ſe!*

D—n,

D—n next appears, a *ſupple* 'Squire,
Whom wiſe Men laugh at, and whom Fools admire;
Fain would the *wealthy Dunce* a *Wit* be thought,
But that's a *Title* is not to be *bought*.
Nor need there *greater Proof* that he's no *Wit*,
Than that with *Appius* he's a *Favourite*.

THERE *Pigmy E—be* view, with Aſpect *grave*,
To *Appius* and to *Avarice* a *Slave*;
In vain by *Gravity* for *wiſe* he'd paſs;
The *graveſt* of all Creatures is an *Aſs*.

NEXT *H—y*'s doughty *Second* ſee appear,
As *void* of *Senſe*, as he would *ſeem* of *Fear*;
Bleſt *Appius!* who ſuch *Champions* maintains,
They need not dread the *knocking out their Brains*.

YONDER advances *F—ue* the *Dull*,
To *Appius* an *obſequious* humble *Tool*;
Elſe would not he a *Brother* ſee oppreſt,
And yet no *gen'rous Anger fire* his Breaſt.

Go on, *my ſupple C——l*, ſhut thine Eyes,
And to thy *Int'reſt* all Things *ſacrifice*;
So mayſt thou riſe in Time to be a *Chief*,
And *in terrorem* hang each *petty Thief*.

HIM follows close a *Dunce of Quality*,
To side with *Appius* drawn by *Sympathy*;
O had he on that Day our *Laureat* been,
When th' *Excise-Bill fell*, ne'er to *rise* again!
Then should he write its *Fun'ral Elegy*,
And *mourn* its *Downfal* from a *Hollow Tree*.

ADVANCE, *L——p*, nor need'st thou be asham'd,
To be with such a Tribe of *Dunces* nam'd;
Thou who alone *H——r——o* didst excel,
And for *Politeness* bear away the Bell;
Thou who didst let *admiring* Nations see,
A *Hottentot* of *English* Progeny,
The *Proof* of *Appius' great Sagacity*.

With *M——t* my Pen I will not foul,
But leave him to be well chastis'd by *C——e*;
For sure that Wretch deserves no better Fate
Who gives his *Vote* to ruin a *free State*.

How prone to swerve from Virtue are Mankind!
O——w behold with *Appius* combin'd!
How are our Hopes by this Alliance cross'd!
The *Man* of *Honour* in the *Courtier*'s lost:

In Time he may the *curs'd Exchange* deplore,
Of *Innocence* giv'n up for *Wealth* and *Pow'r*.
P——y the next claims in our Verſe a Place,
Faſt-leagu'd with *Appius* and his *blundring Race*;
How *weak* is *Blood*, where *ſtronger Int'reſt* draws!
Elſe would not he ſupport the *ſervile Cauſe*;
Nor would his *honeſt Brother* grieve to ſee,
So near a Friend, ſo *link'd* with *Infamy*.
Him *Y——k* and *T——t* follow Hand in Hand,
Firm *Friends* to *Appius* and his *hireling* Band;
O *Eloquence* and *Learning* miſapply'd!
With *Vice* to *vote*, with *Villany* to *ſide!*
STILL there remain *unſung* a num'rous Crew,
To *Dulneſs* and to *Appius* ever true,
Whoſe *worthleſs venal Names* ſhould I rehearſe,
My *Ink* 'twould *ſtain*, and 'twould *defile* my Verſe;
Unſung then let them ſtill remain for me,
I am not fond to *rake* in *Infamy*.

FINIS.